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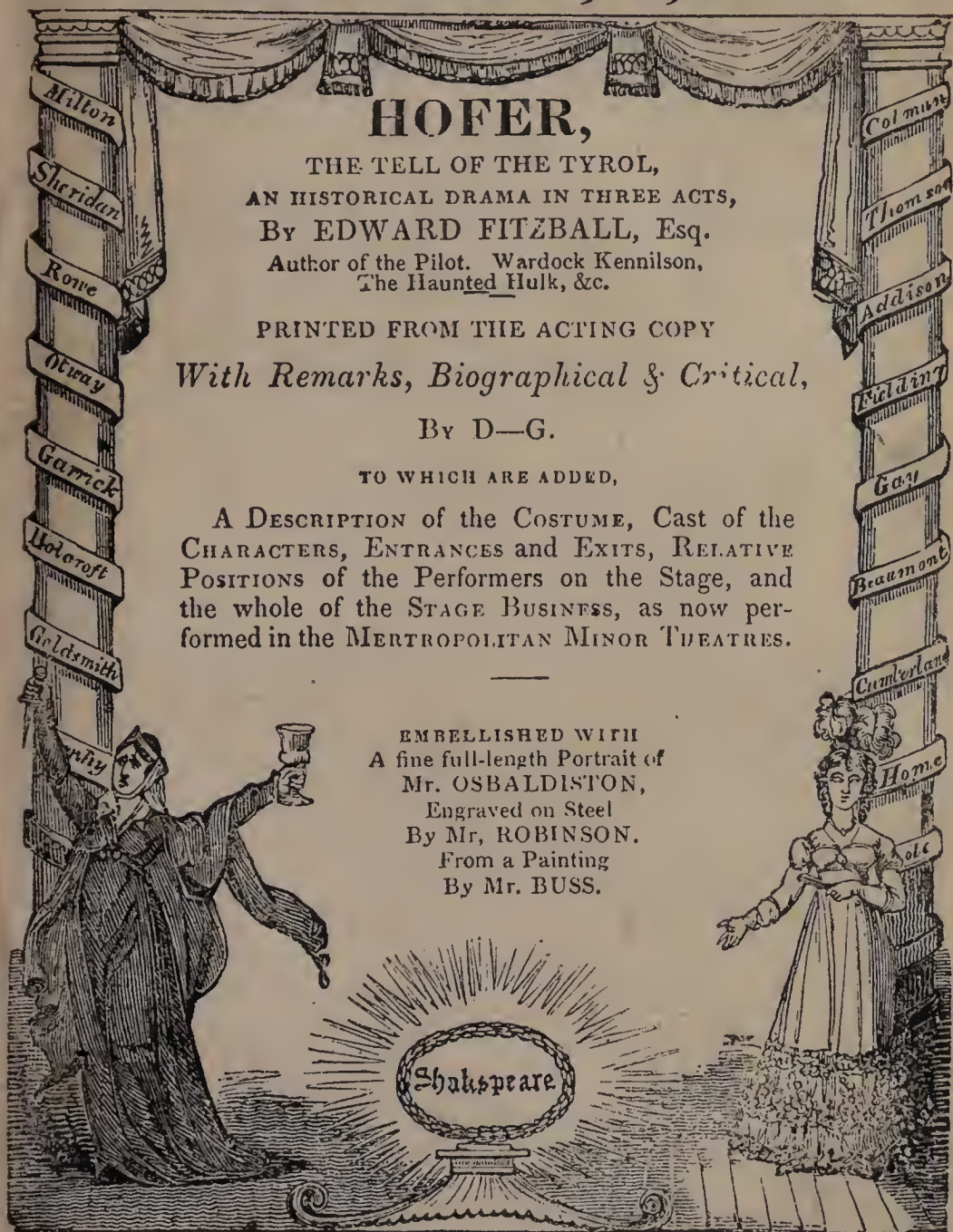
THE TELL OF THE TYROL,  
 AN HISTORICAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS,  
 By EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.  
 Author of the Pilot. Wardock Kennilson,  
 The Haunted Hulk, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY  
 With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,  
 By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the  
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE  
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and  
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-  
 formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

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 Mr. OSBALDISTON,  
 Engraved on Steel  
 By Mr. ROBINSON.  
 From a Painting  
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MR OSBALDISTON IN HOFER.

H O F E R,  
THE TELL OF THE TYROL:  
AN HISTORICAL DRAMA,  
In Three Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZBALL, ESQ.

*Author of The Pilot, The Flying Dutchman, The Floating Beacon, Thalaba,  
Joan of Arc, The Earthquake, Devil's Elixir, The Three Hunchbacks,  
Wardock Kennilson, The Haunted Hulh, Mary Glastonbury,  
Father and Son, Peveril of the Peak, Fortunes  
of Nigel, Waverley, Colonel of Hussars, &c.*

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## REMARKS.

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### Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol.

Patriotism is a stern and splendid virtue—it is a jealous virtue also, for it will endure no rival, no half-faced fellowship—it will “partake wi’ naebody.” It commands undivided regard: fortune, friends, wife, children, the ties that bind us to life—nay, even life itself, must be a ready and a willing sacrifice when it shall please to demand them. How sublime this self-devotion! how worthy of imitation, yet how hard to imitate! But every man is not born a hero—“I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather,” quoth Sir John Falstaff, “but no coward, Hal;” and, of a verity, the blood-red Mars is *not* the planet under which *we* were born—yet we claim the right to admire what we may lack the grace to emulate. *Brutus* is not less the object of our love because he would rather *speak* daggers than *use* them; nor *Cato* of our profoundest veneration, though a tithe of the spirit that made him die rather than submit to a perpetual dictator, would stock our shop of valour and set us up a hero for life. It is enough that (as in contemplating an awful beauty) we adore at a distance—that we pay the tribute of our wonder; and “wonder,” saith the poet, “is involuntary praise.”

Andreas Hofer has been justly called “The Tell of the Tyrol,” for, like his great exemplar, he planned, and for a while effected, the liberation of his country. He is a hero of our own time, and, as such, deserves peculiar honour. No motive of self-aggrandisement was his spring of action—he had neither prejudice to indulge, revenge to satiate, or ambition to gratify—he stood forth unshackled as his country’s deliverer, and died the glorious and unspotted patriot that he had lived.

At the village of Sands, in the sheltered and beautiful valley of Passayer, Hofer was born—a simple herdsman, and the son of a simple herdsman. His education was superior to that usually given to persons in his rank of life: he spoke the Italian language fluently, and was universally respected for his piety, his honesty, and his

loyalty. At an early age he distinguished himself as one of the representatives in the Diet of 1790, where he appeared as the chosen deputy of the valley of Passayer. In his youthful days, he had taken an active part in the valorous efforts by which the French and Bavarians were repeatedly opposed and defeated; and for his services he was rewarded by the Emperor of Austria with a gold medal of honour, and with the order of Maria Theresa.

It was a saying of the Emperor Maximilian, "that the Tyrol was like the peasant's frock, coarse, indeed, but right warm." He also called it, "the shield of Austria;" and Charles V. more aptly named it, "the heart of Austria."

Yet was this beautiful and romantic country, its towering mountains, rock-bound valleys, its smiling hamlets and cottages, and, the crown of its glory, its brave, patriotic, and generous inhabitants, mercilessly delivered over to the cruel tyranny of the Corsican usurper; who, after a short reign of indignity and pillage, transferred it to his caitiff vassal, the King of Bavaria. *That* country, *those* inhabitants, who in 1805 had beaten back the mercenary brigands of France and Bavaria, basely sacrificed by the very power for whose independence and sovereignty they fought, bled, and conquered!

" O, Austria ! thou dost shame  
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward ;  
————— Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?  
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?  
*Thou* wear a lion's hide ? doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

Could Hofer, born with as brave a spirit as ever animated the noblest hero of antiquity—could Hofer, in the prime of his manhood, his form herculean, his eye dark and penetrating, his step firm and majestic—could *he* behold the total abasement and spoliation of his country unmoved? The new tyrant gloriously emulated his cruel master—he treated the Tyrol as a conquered province—unjust impositions were daily levied and extorted—the churches were robbed, the public edifices destroyed or sold—the women were insulted, and the men defied.

To redeem his country from this galling yoke, Hofer secretly swore to "do or die." He kept his word so long as Providence preserved his life for this holy pur-



pose. That it should NOT have spared him to complete the work, may excite murmurs with those who are wont to question its inscrutable decrees. Yet a tear of regret may be forgiven that he lived not to erect the altar of freedom on a foundation too strong to be overturned ; and that the voice of his grateful country had not decreed him a prouder ovation than ever hailed the returning conqueror of ancient Rome, whose laurels were too often stained with blood shed at the expense of the liberties of mankind.

Yet the voice of Hofer speaks from the tomb !—that simple tomb erected to his memory on the Brenner mountain, not far from his own humble habitation—“ Andreas Hofer, born 22nd November, 1767, died (it should have been *murdered* !) 24th February, 1810.” Thither shall the native mountaineer repair and pay the tribute of his passionate sorrow—the pilgrim of every nation, in whose bosom burns the sacred lamp of liberty, shall worship it as the shrine of patriotism and virtue. He who shall pass, without deep emotion, the final resting-place of a hero so illustrious, can have no sympathy with the high qualities that dignify and elevate our nature.—If there exist, or ever shall exist, such an outcast from humanity, may he never know the blessings of a happy home and the cheerful communion of his fellow men—may he dwell in comfortless solitude, an anathema ; and die, and no one lament him.

Hofer was resolved to resist the tyranny thus imposed on his unhappy country. Though eminently mild and benignant in his social and domestic relations, he was a soldier, the bravest of the brave. His usual dress was that of his country : a dark green coat, the neck and part of the breast open ; a broad-brimmed green hat, and a black girdle, to which appended his sword. In the field of battle, he was simply distinguished, as commander, by wearing a long heron's feather in his hat ; he had permitted his beard to grow, and, when on horseback, was especially considered a most imposing figure.

During a short visit at Vienna, Hofer assisted in devising the spirited and able scheme for the restoration of his country to her legitimate sovereign ; Austria gave the signal of encouragement, and, in an instant, the Tyrol was in arms. The 10th of April, 1809, arrived—a day memorable in Tyrolese annals—Hofer left his peaceful home, his wife, and family, and devoted himself to the

liberation of his country. The Archduke John, and Field-Marshal Chasteller, generals in the Austrian service, welcomed these patriotic bands of hardy mountaineers—bells rang and cannon roared—old age, and youth, and childhood beheld, in this auspicious junction, their future emancipation from oppression, and their return to justice, prosperity, and equal laws.

The first victory on the side of freedom was at the bridge of Laditch, suspended between two tremendous rocks, over which the road passes from Innspruck to Italy. The French, though infinitely superior in point of numbers and discipline, were beaten and routed; the Bavarians also suffered a like defeat at Sterzing; both victories were, however, distinguished by moderation—the work of slaughter was stayed, and men, when no longer engaged as enemies, were received as friends.

Succeeding conquests favoured the righteous cause—more particularly at Innthall, where Colonel Dittfurt (who beheld the supposed apparition of the Tyrolese general on his white steed) was killed, and where even the *women* desperately fought for their altars and their homes. Hofer, by the universal assent of his countrymen, was now elected commander-in-chief, and, in this high post, conducted himself with his wonted humility and moderation. Austria had signed an armistice with France—General Lefebre, Duke of Dantzic, entered the Tyrol, to seize and retain it for the Prince of Bavaria—the Austrian troops evacuated that ill-fated country—and Hofer returned to his native village, disappointed, but not despairing; for, after a very short interval, we cannot say of *repose*, we find him again in arms at the head of his thousands of brave valesmen, defeating Lefebre with great slaughter on the Moor of Sterzing, and compelling that unprincipled baggart to seek refuge within the walls of Innspruck, on the 11th of August, the very day on which he had summoned Hofer to appear at that city!

His next great victory was on the 12th of August, over the French and Bavarians, when rocks, trees, and stones were wrenched from the borders of the surrounding ravines, and hurled with overwhelming force upon the foe. Hundreds were taken prisoners, thousands slain. Deserted by Austria, he had other difficulties to encounter in the disputes and jealousies of his own countrymen; suffice it to say, that he never abused the high

station in which his patriotism had placed him. He healed dissensions by his admirable temper and forbearance; he offered the noblest incentive to public virtue by his own example of disinterestedness and valour; and when he exerted the supreme authority, with which he was invested, to punish, it was to repress disorder, injustice, and anarchy.

Hofer applied to England for succour—we were fortunate enough to sit once at table with the Tyrolese deputies, *Muller* and *Schaner*—but England, though she deeply sympathised with this glorious people, could render no assistance but money, which was freely and liberally offered: to transport armies and arms into such a remote country, and when she herself was deeply engaged in a war against tyranny nearer home, was impossible. Hofer had written to the Austrian emperor for assistance—his majesty returned a gracious answer, enjoining his brave subjects to submit to their yoke. Near Zirl, in the Innthall, was fought the last battle for liberty; which, though victorious on the side of the Tyrolese, was not able to save their country from final subjugation, and their chief from death.

Hofer, finding all was lost—he yet hoped, even in this extremity, but for a *time*—lost his peaceful habitation, accompanied by his wife, boy, and girl—to seek a hiding-place among the deep ravines, the crags, thickets, and majestic mountains of the wilderness. In a few days he had reared a hut—rude, indeed, but large enough to contain his family: here for many weeks they dwelt in seclusion; their food was supplied by Hofer's bow and arrows, and roots and berries eked out their frugal board. But one night, after a storm had rendered their usual supply of food unattainable, and the little ones were enduring the extremity of hunger, a knock was heard at the door of their retreat—his friends had discovered him! They bore letters, imploring him to fly into Austria; but the patriot had sworn never to desert his country, and he was resolved to keep his word.

We hasten to the mournful close. On the 19th of January, 1810, after they had retired to rest, the door of their cottage was again assailed, but by a very different party: a wretch, one Donay, a name to be blotted from the records of humanity—a monster for whose treachery, obloquy and death in this world, and eternal tor-



ments in the next, can hardly atone, had betrayed his friend's hiding-place (for he was once a *friend*!) to the French. A military party—an army!—for it exceeded two thousand men—was despatched to capture the illustrious prisoner: resistance was useless, he unbarred the door himself, and stood in simple majesty before his intruders:—

“ Déjà des assassins la nombreuse cohorte,  
Du sallon qui l'enferme allait briser la porte ;  
Il leur ouvre lui-même et se montre à leurs yeux,  
Avec cet œil serein, ce front majestueux,  
Tel que dans les combats, maître de son courage,  
Tranquille il arrêta, oui pressait le carnage.  
A cet air vénérable, à cet aguste aspect,  
Les meurtriers surpris sont saisis de respect.”

He was secured, not without being subjected to the vile scoffs of those who had quailed, had they met him single-handed and unfettered; yet, on the whole, he was treated with less contumely than magnanimity in great misfortune generally suffers from the vulgar and the base. Through every hamlet and village that he passed in his native Tyrol, he was received with the tears, the blessings, and the fervent prayers of his afflicted and broken-spirited countrymen. The French officers, those whose hearts honour had not deserted, and admiration for patriotism and valour compelled to respect a fallen enemy, by a series of humane attentions, lightened the gloom of his captivity—this is one of the many triumphs of virtue, which atone for racks, tortures, imprisonment, and death. He was escorted to Mantua, for the wily Corsican dared not venture a trial in his native land; a court-martial was held—but how to define his crime?—even his judges were struck with compunction; but a telegraph from Milan put an end to the mockery and decided the question—by the command of Bonaparte, he was to die within twenty-four hours.

Having lived a hero and a Christian, it is not remarkable that Hofer should die as he had lived: no frigid insensibility, no idle bravado, marked his closing scene. To his country he yielded a life that from its earliest dawn had been devoted to her service; his pure and confiding spirit he resigned to HIM that gave it.

Twelve grenadiers fired—he sank on his knee, wounded, but alive; the volley was repeated, and he was gone for ever.

Thus fell Andreas Hofer, the sacrifice of the selfish



and dastardly policy of Austria, and *another* victim of that bloody, remorseless, and detestable tyrant, the murderer of Wright, Pichegru, and d'Anghien.

Tell and Hofer are heroes well adapted for the stage; they are worth an hundred Alexanders and Cæsars—they enlist our sympathies on the right side, and make us feel that we are men. Of the incidents recorded in the life of Hofer, Mr. Fitzball has constructed an interesting and affecting drama—interesting, for the rude voice of clamour was hushed to silence; affecting, for eyes unused to tears were seen to weep. The most striking events are judiciously preserved and introduced: we follow the patriot in his career of glory—our hearts are alternately elated with hope, depressed with disappointment, and burning with fury; we share his joys, his sorrows, his reverses, his triumphs; we would even perish with him, to inherit his never-dying fame and be embalmed in the memory of the good and brave. The snow-clad mountains, the overhanging rocks, the green valleys, and the simple generous peasantry, all rise before us in beautiful illusion; and our hearts beat time to the inspiring national strains that sing of war, of love, and the quiet and more touching charms of home. We rise from the imposing scene with the ardent desire of avenging the hero—but heaven has taken vengeance out of our hands—the murderer of Hofer reached not his grave without *some* retribution, and is now before his judge.

The Surrey Theatre has produced this drama with appropriate talent and splendour. Mr. Osbaldiston strained every nerve to realize an animated picture of the hero, and succeeded: his action is more chaste and subdued, his declamation more distinct and audible than they were wont to be. Mrs. W. West, an actress most unaccountably neglected by the patent theatres, played Hofer's wife with great tenderness. The comic portion, consisting of Absolon Stitchback, a patriotic tailor, and Madame Job Spokewoppen, erst Mademoiselle Swamfrome, humorously supported by that very laughable and laughing couple, Mr. and Mrs. Vale, gave abundant satisfaction to the audience, who, having most probably paid their money for a *laugh*, had, by the cunning of the scene, been surprised into a *tear*.

## Costume.

**ANDREAS HOFER.**—*First dress*: Swiss hat—Swiss dark pepper and salt coat and full breeches—blue stockings—buckles—black shoes. *Second dress*: Dark green coat—broad-brimmed green hat, with a long heron's feather—black girdle—sword.

**ELRICK.**—Green Swiss jacket and breeches, trimmed with yellow—striped stockings—russet shoes.

**DONAY.**—Green uniform jacket and trousers, trimmed with gold—military cap—sword.

**JOB SPOKEWOPPEN.**—Green Swiss trunks—comedy jacket—striped stockings—black shoes.

**STITCHBACK.**—Brown Swiss dress—large trunks—striped stockings—shoes and buckles.

**DITFURT.**—Green uniform, same as Donay.

**CAPUCHIN.**—Friar's dress.

**HOMAYR.**—Swiss jacket and trunks—sword—belt.

**GENERAL.**—Green uniform coat—white breeches—high boots—military hat—sword, &c.

**CHASTELAR.**—Green Swiss dress.

**SWISS PEASANTS, PATRIOTS, &c.**—Swiss costume—large knives in their belts.

**SOLDIERS.**—Green jackets—white trousers.

**MARIE.**—Dark brown dress, trimmed with red—black Swiss body—shoes and buckles—blue stockings—Swiss hat—hair plaited.

**MADAME SPOKEWOPPEN.**—*First Dress*: Scarlet silk petticoat, trimmed with black velvet and gold—black velvet Swiss body, trimmed with gold—Swiss cap, trimmed with gold—striped stockings—black shoes. *Second Dress*: Blue petticoat, trimmed with scarlet—black velvet body, trimmed with scarlet and buttons—shoes, &c., as before.

**JOSEPHINE.**—Brown petticoat, striped with blue—blue stockings—black velvet body, trimmed with blue—shoes and buckles—hair plaited.

## Cast of the Characters,

*As Performed at the Surrey Theatre, 1832.*

<i>Andreas Hofer</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Osbaldiston.
<i>Homayr</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Young.
<i>Chastelar</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Lee.
<i>Haspinger, the Capuchin</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Almar.
<i>Elrick, Hofer's Son</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Balls.
<i>Stitchback, a valiant and love-crossed Tailor</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Vale.
<i>Job Spokewoppen, a traitorous Sutler</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Rogers
<i>Donay, a Traitor</i>	. . . . .	Mr. D. Pitt.
<i>General Bison</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Tilbury.
<i>Lieutenant Ditfurt</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Maitland.
<i>Marie, wife of Hofer</i>	. . . . .	Mrs. W. West.
<i>Josephine, a young Orphan Girl</i>	. . . . .	Miss Fairbrother.
<i>Maulette Swampone, alias Spokewoppen</i>	. . . . .	Mrs. Vale.
<i>Mudame Rougegorge, a French Amazon, in quest of her son-in-law</i>	. . . . .	Mr. Vining.

*Patriots, Tyrolese, Bavarians, French Conscript, Peasants, &c.*

## MEMOIR OF MR. OSBALDISTON.

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
It would seem that ACTING is the only profession for which no previous initiation is required. No man is educated for a player. Chance or caprice make an actor; aptitude and study determine his success. The stage has ever been considered a *dernier resort*, a forlorn hope, when all other trades fail; as the *ignis fatuus* that leads astray idle apprentices from the sober path of prudence and profit that their better guides have chalked out for them. Hence, a player has never been in good odour with the merely *calculating* part of mankind; and, unhappily, his own irregularities too often prove a bar to his favourable reception with the *enlightened* and *liberal*. He is, for the most part, wholly *illiterate*—a defect that, when he has dropped the cap and mask, and put off the droll, renders him intolerable. The applause that he nightly receives engenders a silly vanity, that almost leads him to expect the like favour when left to the resources of his own wit. But we deny the *man* what we award the *mummer*; and he beholds, with surprise and mortification, that the dullest fellow among the company is he, who, when his jokes are conned and his face is painted, is the most entertaining. We see no reason in the world why an honourable profession—and such, to all intents and purposes, is the histrionic art—should not be recruited by those who have received some decent qualification to illustrate the noblest triumphs of human wit. The actor to whom are entrusted the glorious conceptions of Shakspeare will not be the worse for some small excursions beyond the mere character he is to represent; and if he bring with him a portion of that reading denominated *scholastic*, it will most certainly avail him when the bards of the elder school dignify the scene. *Booth* (the original *Cato*) was an elegant scholar—*Garrick* had received a classical education—and *Kemble* was deeply learned, not only in the poets of Greece and Rome, but in the rich treasures of ancient English literature. The flippant ignorance of the present day affects to despise the wisdom of the schools; which, in truth, it can very well dispense with, seeing that its utmost ambition is to babble what it doth not comprehend; and, rich in *lecture* and *magazine* erudition, to give laws to those whose sober wishes never learned to stray beyond "*ale or porter, porter or cyder*"—and a front row in the shilling gallery.

A liberal education fell to the lot of David Webster Osbaldiston, who is the son of an eminent merchant at Manchester, where he was born, in February, 1797. His father intended him for the same lucrative calling of which he was a member—but the primrose path of poetry had more prevailing charms than the "*Hambro*," and "*Dutch Walk*;" he therefore received such classical instruction as his native town afforded, previous to his intended matriculation at Brazen Nose, which was to qualify him for a son of the Church, and initiate him into the art and mystery of pluralities and port. A plump vicar or rosy dean—peradventure, a prebendary or bishop—might have been Mr. Osbaldiston, but for the bewitching syrens, *Thalia*



and *Melpomene*, who presented to his youthful vision an unsubstantial *curate*, "married and settled in the country"—a fate that a certain humorist wished his *dog* that snapped and barked at him! And, by way of contrast, a romantic *Romeo*, a gallant *Hotspur*—boxes full, pit crammed, galleries melting! Peace, the charm's wound up! Threats of disinheritance, solicitation of friends, tragedy queen, princes of the blood, ass, panniers, packsaddle, the stroller's paraphernalia! all tricked out in ragged majesty, had no power to shake the purpose of his soul; and, having previously fleshed his dramatic grinders in the parts of *Pierre*, and *Frederick* in the Poor Gentleman, at a private theatre, he resolved to do public execution on *Hamlet* and *King Richard*. The year 1817 saw Mr. Osbaldiston under the banners of Manly, the Derby manager, an unfledged, though we cannot say a *raw* actor (for, by his own admission, many of his parts were *overdone*), but patient, painstaking, and indefatigable in the duties of his profession,—qualities that brought him into just repute on the stage, and made him respectable in private society. In 1818, he was engaged in the Exeter and Plymouth circuit, and joined that company in the Island of Guernsey; where, beholding Miss Dawson, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, he, in the spring following, played *Benedick*, the married man, to her *Beatrice*. His subsequent theatrical tour comprehended the Manchester, Bath, and Norwich Theatres: at the latter, he was many years the undisputed hero of the scene. In 1828, Mr. Osbaldiston joined the corps of the Brunswick Theatre, to perform not only *in*, but (conjointly with a brother legitimate) *THE Tower Hamlets*. On Monday and Tuesday, February 25 and 26, he acted *Ravenswood*, in a drama founded on Sir Walter Scott's novel, with applause; and, on the Wednesday following, was proceeding to the rehearsal of a grand new *spectacle* (not exactly the one that was exhibited), when a friend, who had witnessed the catastrophe, informed him in what way the theatre had suddenly dismissed the company. Ere three days had elapsed, the ex-Brunswicker accepted an engagement from Mr. Elliston, to play the principal characters at the Surrey, and to take upon himself the office of stage-manager. This he performed to the entire satisfaction of his employer and the public. On the death of *Rover*, the proprietorship devolved on his son, Mr. Charles Elliston; but, that potentate having abdicated the sovereignty of the Surrey, the dramatic diadem was placed on the head of Mr. Osbaldiston, who from Christmas, 1831, dates the first year of his reign.

The new monarch (who rules with mild sway, bears his body seemly, and wields his sceptre with dignity), is a very versatile and meritorious actor. He plays tragedy, comedy, and farce, and is a great favourite with the public. His most successful tragic characters are *Virginius*, *Rolla*, *William Tell*, and *Hofer*.

 D.—G.



# HO FER,

## THE TELL OF THE TYROL.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hofer's Inn, R. S. E.—a Cottage, R —a rustic Bridge over the mill-stream, sloping on to C. from R.—Swiss Landscape and Alpine Bridge.*

MUSIC.—*Enter STITCHBACK from the cottage, R.*

*Sti.* Oh, dear—oh, dear—it's all over by this—the fatal knot is tied, the wedding ceremony is performed, and Maulette Swamfronc that was, is now Madame Spokewhoppen that is, the wife of my detested rival, and I'm a wretched discarded tailor! I adored Maulette, but I couldn't make up my mind, and she's married to another—heigho! I'm crossed in love, but I must stitch up the stitch in my side, and bear it like a man.

*Enter a Peasant and Girl, with wreaths, over the bridge from R.—they hang the wreaths over the door of the Inn.*

*Sti.* Yes, that nobody may suspect the mortification and disappointment I endure, I'll set out my window to-day with my best buttons and my finest cloth, I'll—*[Crosses to L.—seeing the garlands hung up.]* Hilloa! what are you about there? ornamenting neighbour Hofer's balcony with laurels?

*Girl.* It's on account of the wedding, Master Stitchback.

*Sti.* Wedding!—what wedding?

*Pea.* Why, Job Spokewhoppen to Maulette Swamfronc; they are coming to feast at the inn, and dance in the great room here. *[Exit over the bridge with the Girl.]*

*Sti.* Feast at the inn and dance in the great room here—oh, unheard-of, indelicate cruelty! Was there no other inn but this? must my ears be tormented by the cursed

jangling of their nuptial violins and hurdy-gurdies? my eyes be thrust full of needles and pins by their sneers? This inn, forsooth!—Dance! Oh! I'll thwart their spite—defy the triumph of Spokewoppen and the ridicule of Maulette—I'll shut up my shop and double-lock my door, they'll think me gone to Strasburg. [Music.] St. Dunstan and the devil! here they come.

[Exit into the cottage, R.]

*Enter, over the bridge from R., JOB SPOKEWOPPEN, MAULETTE, and Male and Female Peasants.*

*Job.* [Sneering.] So, Master Stitchback has taken himself out of the way.

*Pea.* No, not he; he was outside that door not a moment ago.

*Mau.* [With an air of pity.] Poor fellow! the loss he has met with this morning was enough to drive him mad—the loss of a young woman of my pretensions isn't to be remedied so easily: I've no doubt but the unfortunate tailor has betaken him to a sick bed—I pities him from the very depths of my soul.

*Job.* (L.) So do I, I'm sure—ha, ha, ha!

[Peasants laugh.]

*Sti.* [Opening the door with violence.] I'm very much obliged, but never was better in my life: but a bachelor what isn't hunted out of his bed by a scolding wife may lie down and get up, too, when he pleases, without asking permission of every impertinent blockhead that happens to pass by!—eh? neighbours!—eh?

*Mau.* (c.) Oh, dear! certainly, Mr. Stitchback.

[Placing herself before him and adjusting her dress.]

*Job.* Hem!—What was that he said about scolding wives?

*Mau.* Nothing, nothing, husband;—recollect his sufferings and ask him to the dance.

*Job.* [Crossing, c.] I will;—we are friends, I hope, Mr. Stitchback?

*Sti.* Certainly—what should make us otherwise? You are newly married, I perceive—I wish you joy of the bargain.

*Job.* Thank'e; you'll dance with us, and drink the bride's health—eh?

*Sti.* Oh, I shall be delighted!

*Mau.* A nice roast goose for supper—you'll swallow a mouthful?

*Sti.* [*Aside.*] I'll swallow my own goose red-hot sooner. You are vastly kind, madam [*Aside.*]; what's your d—d name?

*Mau.* [*Drawing herself up.*] Madame Spokewhoppen! —Oh! how my ring pinches me.

*Sti.* [*Aside.*] I wish 'twould pinch off her wedding finger.

*Mau.* You'll join us, Mr. S.

*Sti.* I'll put on my holyday coat, and be with you immediately.

*Job.* [*Taking her arm.*] Now, duckey!

*Mau.* [*Patting his cheek.*] Dear Mr. Spokewoppen! shall we have a little dance while the cloth is laying?

*Job.* By all means, darling—come, friends, come.

[*Music—Exit into the Inn, followed by Peasants, &c.*]

*Sti.* Sup with 'em! I'd sooner sup with Beelzebub, and be compelled to gorge my own shears, point downwards: yet, why should I not?—'tis unworthy the soul of a tailor to be cross-patched this way—I will sup with them, and prove, by my appetite, that I'm not quite so hurt on the occasion as she thinks. I'll put on my best doublet—my scarlet inexpressibles, which she always admired—my yellow stockings—and—[*Music.*] Dancing! I can't endure it—no—I courted her eight years without ever coming to the point, and my tenderness returns—I can't stand it, I won't go.

[*Crosses, L.*]

*Mau.* [*At the Inn window, R.*] Mr. S., we want one to make up the set—are you a coming?

[*Retires.*]

*Sti.* No, I'm a going. [*Crosses R. and exit into the cottage.*]

*Enter JOB SPOKEWOPPEN, from the Inn.*

*Job.* My little wife won't be easy without the company of Mr. S.—I must let her have her own way to-day. [*Knocking at Stitchback's door, and calling.*] Mr. S.

*STITCHBACK, with his hat on, suddenly opens the door and strikes Job's nose with it—he has a stick, bundle, sleeve-board, &c.*

*Sti.* What now?—Ah! [*Aside.*] I wish I'd killed him.

*Job.* You've nearly put my nose out of joint.

*Sti.* [*Aside.*] That's what I will do, one of these days.

*Job.* Where are you going with that bundle and that stick?

*Sti.* Just where I please.

*Job.* And not sup with me and Madame Spokewoppen?

*Sti.* D——n Madame Spokewoppen!

*Job.* Malice! Spite! Infamy! he d——ns Madame Spokewoppen!—you shall answer for this, sirrah—you shall answer for this, tailor!

*Sti.* Well, and isn't an honest tailor a better man than one who keeps a wine-hut, and goes cap in hand to the French spies, set to levy taxes and enforce conscriptions on the hard-working people of his own country?

*Job.* What mean you, Mr. Stitchback? you are getting personal, sir—political, sir; I say political!—Your jealousy of me leads you to forgot yourself—spies! you don't know what you're talking about; have a care I don't hang you up in a piece of your own tape.

*Sti.* You sheer off. [*Crossing to L., and pushing Job.*] Stand out of my way.

*Job.* I'll call in the police—I'll——

*Sti.* Do, that's your trade: informer!

*Job.* Job himself can't endure this—rascal!

*Sti.* Oh! if that's your sport, I'll baste you—I will.

[*Music—They collar each other—Stitchback throws Job to the ground.*]

*Enter MAULETTE, followed by Peasants.*

*Mau.* Help! murder!—Neighbours, help! he'll kill my husband!

*Sti.* [*Standing over Job with his shears.*] I'll pulverize him in her very presence—I'll cut him to shreds.

*Job. & } Help! neighbours!*

*Mau.*

*Enter ANDREAS HOFER, over the bridge, simply attired—Peasants, R. and L.*

*Hof.* How now, good neighbours? Wherefore wrangling thus?

*Job.* [*Assisted up by Maulette.*] Wrangling! murdering, rather: your's has the reputation of a peacable, respectable inn, I think?

*Hof.* Think! who dares to call it otherwise, and I its landlord?

*Job.* Talking of calling, take notice all, that tailor dared to call me a go-between with the French commissioners! a harbourer of spies! a——

*Hof.* What is this I hear? And you, too, Job! Better had ye both never have been born, than trifle with affairs so dangerous. Tyrolese, why divide ye on a subject which should draw ye nearer to each other?



Be friends, be friends: Heaven only can tell how speedily ye may find foes enough to snatch from ye the quietude—even the very means ye now so calmly might enjoy. Who, ho! Marie! wife! bring forth a flask of the old wine from No. 7—we'll drink friendship among ourselves, and prosperity to the Tyrol.

*Sti.* Well, Master Hofer, to oblige you, so far as I can mend the matter, why, there. [*Embracing Job—Aside.*] I could singe him to death, the scoundrel!

*Job.* [*Embracing.*] All's forgotten. [*Aside, over the other's shoulder.*] A high gallows, and speedily, for the ruffian!

*Pea.* Won't you take the wine in the house?

*Hof.* No; the toast is a loyal one, and, while we drink it, 'twill be pleasant to look upon our green hills—long may they remain the scene of serenity, and last of all disturbed by civil discord. What, ho! wife! the wine there.

*Enter MARIE, with wine, followed by one of the Peasant Girls with another tray—Marie gives wine to Hofer, and the Girl to Job.*

*Hof.* Friendship among ourselves, and prosperity to the Tyrol! [*Hats off, and flourish.*]

*Enter DONAY, on the bridge.*

*Don.* That's a noble toast—it sounds like sweet music to the ear of Donay. A bumper, a bumper——

[*Music.—Exeunt all the Peasants, with Marie, into the inn—*

*Donay comes down, L.*

*Hof.* (R.) My friend, so unlooked for, and so far from your own home! what news?

*Don.* The worst that can befall Tyrol.

*Hof.* Be cautious—speak more low.

*Don.* Why should oppression's name be lightly uttered? Our plan is discovered——

*Hof.* Ah! by whom?

*Don.* Groff, the banker at Botzen, too deeply, alas! entrusted with the patriot cause, to serve his own hellish interest, rather than redeem his enslaved and groaning country, has sold the secret to the Bavarian powers: all is betrayed: the united arms of France and Bavaria are already approaching the Brenner.

*Hof.* Never with life shall they make that pass!—Our Tyrolese from the impending heights will hurl destruction down. But art thou well assured?

*Don.* Too well! too well! Tyrol nath slept too long! Now, while the tyrant is himself occupied with Russia, let us wake from our recreant slumber, and shout aloud liberty!

*Hof.* Not yet, not yet! All is here so unconscious—so unprepared. Yet must we not, like the slumbering lamb, lie quietly reposing on our mountains, till the sanguinary tigers burst suddenly upon us. Our brave confederates in the struggle, Chaslebar and noble Donay—

*Don.* All are in readiness: the lion of insurrection waits only the appointed signal, to leap avengingly from his den.

*Hof.* The signal?

*Don.* The signal agreed upon will be sawdust cast on the waters of yon stream, and repeated on the waves of the river Inn; it will speedily apprise all Tyrol, that the blow for freedom has already been given.

*Hof.* It is time that we prove ourselves men: already the oppressors trample on us like dogs: our home is no longer a sacred refuge—our laws—our usages—our ancient rights—all have been abused, violated—

*Don.* All, all

*Hof.* I am but an humble innkeeper; but in the service of his native land the name of patriot glorifies all ranks, and exalts the meanest to the mightiest. I cannot as I would assist our enterprise, for I am neither rich nor skilled in arts of war; but I am loved and honoured in these mountains: my father, and my father's father, lived and died here, aged and respected—never did stain blemish their honest reputation. The name of Hofer—that name alone is all I have to offer—'tis full of confidence and trust. There's not a peasant, nor a chasseur, nor a Tyrolean, amongst the hills or in the valley, but would respect and obey its dictates even unto death.

*Don.* Thou'rt right! Therefore art thou sought to aid in this deliverance: the patriots know and treasure well thine influence. Speak thou the word for Austria and ourselves, and Tyrol shall be free.

*Hof.* Presently, presently; first let me think how best I may about it.

*Enter MARIE, from the inn.*

*Don.* Think of advancing foes, and lose not thou a moment. [*They consult apart, L. U. E.*]

*Mar.* [*Advancing down, R.*] Donay still here—I like

not that man : my husband knows him not, though friendship's tie unites them. That bitter smile upon his cold features—why does it chill me thus?

*Don.* Your servant, madam. [*Crosses and exit into the inn.*]

*Mar.* [*Coldly to Donay, as he goes in.*] Welcome. Why, husband—why thus retired? Our guests sadly lack thy usual mirth and fellowship—the wine-cup, by thee replenished, wears a richer flavour; the welcome of thine eye is fuller far of gladness to these mountaineers, than the sparkle of the foaming flask

*Hof.* [*Abstractedly.*] Marie, where is our son?

*Mar.* This morning went he to the cottage of old Kreutzburg: 'tis the man's birth-day—the completion of his eightieth year.

*Hof.* 'Tis true—I had forgot me; the good old man!

*Mar.* And his grand-daughter, young and beautiful Josephine! Our Elrick loves the maiden: oh, it will be a happy marriage, and I hope soon.

*Hof.* [*Mournfully.*] Perhaps never!

*Mar.* Say'st thou, Andreas?

*Hof.* Nothing, Marie, nothing.

*Mar.* Nothing! Oh, Andreas! is it nothing, that I read trouble on thy brow? Thou art not accustomed to speak to me in short brief words: what has happened? I am thy wife—fear'st thou to trust me, Andreas? or hast thou yet to learn, that a wife for a husband, or a mother for her child, is capable of as much endurance as thou, in the hallowed cause of liberty!

*Hof.* Marie, thou knowest, then?

*Mar.* Yes, my Andreas: the mariner watches not the varying heavens with more anxiety than I thy looks; here was a blue sky once, where all is clouded now—ray after ray, I saw the brightness disappear. You may deceive others, yourself, but not me; I am thy wife—and I watch not with mine eyes, which shed but woman's tears, but with mine heart, which would shed tears of blood to witness thine undoing!

*Hof.* My own dear Marie, what hast thou learned, and how?

*Mar.* This I have learned, and thus: a patriot's ardour burns in thy soul's extreme: skilfully didst thou shadow its lustre, even from me; but sleep hath no chain wherewith to bind the tongue—and when I saw thee in thy troubled slumber tossing in fevered frenzy on thy late tranquil couch, and heard thy lips devoutly pronounce



the name of liberty—was it my fault that I did know thy secret?

*Hof.* 'Tis well ordained! Now waking, as asleep, must that word be sounded.

*Mar.* But not yet—oh, not yet! It has been my anticipation—my prayer—that this sea of misery, which I foresaw ready to burst upon us, might suddenly fall back again, and leave us to our quiet, quiet rest.

*Hof.* No, Marie: the eddies of that insatiate tide already have shot past the barrier of my hope, as thine; and if in one unshrinking phalanx Tyroleans rush not boldly forth, to stem the vast encroaching flood, freedom herself lies drowned here, even in her native birth-place.  
[Crosses, R.]

*Mar.* But thou——

*Hof.* I am a Tyrolean.

*Mar.* But thou'lt not leave me, Andreas?

*Hof.* Leave thee, Marie? [Red fire, R. U. E.]

*Mar.* Alas! what mean yon flames? See how they o'ertop the mountains!

*Hof.* 'Tis in the direction of Kreutzberg's cottage.

*Mar.* My son!

*Elrick.* [Without, R. U. E.] Father!

*Hof.* Hark! I hear his voice——

*Elr.* Father!

*Hof.* 'Tis he!

*Mar.* Why bodes my heart some new calamity?

*Hof.* My boy!

**MUSIC.**—Enter ELRICK, over the bridge, bearing JOSEPHINE, senseless,—DONAY and Peasants all return, and range, R. and L.

*Elr.* Father, help me—I am well nigh sinking.

*Mar.* Bear her in, dear Elrick, I will assist you.

[Elrick takes her into the inn, and returns, c.—Marie follows.]

*Hof.* Now, boy! what hath happened? whence proceed yon flames?

*Elr.* Oh, father! 'tis a story all of horro—poor old Kreutzberg's dead!

*Hof.* Dead! Speak st thou of violence?

*Elr.* Yes! Listen, neighbours all: you know that Kreutzberg, though with age infirm, was still of heart as brave as in his youth—scorning oppression, he defied the agents by France imposed to levy on our people those galling taxes, under which ye groan. Oft to the old man, in his loneliness, they came with threats, but he,



each time more furious, still repelled them. This morn, with violence, they sought his dwelling, seized upon his goods, and, reckless of his silver locks, or her sad cries, they would have driven him from his cottage forth—his birth-place, and endeared by eighty summers; but then the old man's heart waxed warm, and, full of tears, he lifted up his withered hands for pity—pity they had none, but smote him like a hound—nature burst her trammels—rage superhuman filled the patriarch's breast—his former years, his strength, but for a moment, returned with every energy—with giant grasp, he seized the ruffian who had dared molest him, by the throat—he seized him, and hurled him headlong down over the steep rocks to death!

[Crosses, L.

*Hof.* Amazement! and the brave old man—

*Etr.* Like blood-hounds, in a body they rushed upon him, and—but what follows is too horrible—enough, I found him weltering, dashed to death—my Josephine struggling in the monster's arms—this hand became her champion—she is safe, by me preserved—the villains fled before me, and Josephine is safe.

*Hof.* My son, worthy of Tyrol!

*Don.* Can we still endure?

*All.* Revenge, revenge!

*Hof.* No: liberty is the word!

*All.* Liberty!

*Don.* Now, now urge them, by their wrongs—

*Hof.* I will, but first I'll seek our murdered patriarch; there's not a father, mother, offspring, of this valley, but remembers him by some past act of kindness and affection. Come to Kreutzberg's cottage: the vulture shall not prey upon the brave. My sons, be warned by me—freedom or a glorious grave!

[*Music—he rushes over the bridge, followed by Donay and four Tyroleans.*

*Enter MARIE, from the inn.*

*Mar.* My son!

*Etr.* Mother, how fares my Josephine?

*Mar.* Better, better—young and tender flowers revive speedily after the storm; but thy father, boy—oh, I see a tempest ready to burst on his devoted head! 'Twill crush him beyond revival—blight him for ever.

*Etr.* Nay, mother, calm these fears; the laws themselves will punish Kreutzberg's death.

*Mar.* We have no laws but such as tyrants frame, to serve a tyrant's purpose. [*Horn.*] What new disturbance?

*Elr.* Some fresh insult: I'll presently go summon back my father. In, dear mother.

[*Exit into the inn, R., with Marie—horn heard again—Peasants look off, L. S. E., and point.*]

*Enter JOB SPOKEWOPPEN, from the inn, c*

*Job.* What the devil's that? A most inauspicious sound on the morning of my marriage.

*Enter STITCHBACK, from the cottage, R.*

*Sti.* I thought I heard a horn. As I live, Ditsfurt and a posse of Bavarians: you'll get your fingers burned here, gentlemen, I calculate.

*Job.* [*Looking off, L. S. E.*] We shall come to blows, I'm thinking—a skirmish. What will Madame Spokewoppen do?

*Sti.* (c.) Never fear but she understands blows—as will be proved to your cost some day—at least, I hope so. [*Drum without, L.*] This looks like an attack—I'll in and arm.

*Job.* He runs away—the coward!

*Sti.* We shall see who'll run first. I'll seek my weapons—a tailor without arms is nothing but a snip.

[*Exit into the cottage, R.*]

*Job.* I'll stay, if I dies for it—just to let the world know who's the better man.

*MUSIC.—Enter DITFURT, six Bavarian Soldiers, and a Drummer—the Tyrolese stand a little back, R., with their hands on their knives.*

*Dit.* You of the conscription, drawn and approved, follow, or expect the worst.

*Pea.* No, no, no!

*Job.* [*Taking shelter among the people.*] No, we don't mean to serve; so, Mr. Commissioner, your servant—he, he, he! [*Mocking.*]

*Dit.* You, Job Spokewoppen, are yourself a conscript, drawn this very morning—fall into our ranks and away.

*Job.* I—I a conscript?—law, I can't go, I'm just married.

*Enter MAULETTE, from the inn, R.*

*Mau.* He? oh, dear, no; my poor little Job! I'm his new wife, and can't spare him—can I, Job?

*Job.* Oh, dear!—no, indeed.

*Dit.* Soldiers, do your duty! to the arrest

*Pea.* Destruction to the foremost!

*[The Tyrolese draw their knives.]*

*Dit.* Soldiers, present!

*[Soldiers present—Peasants stand on the defensive.]*

*Enter ELRICK, R.*

*Elr.* For heaven's sake, sir, be not thus desperate.

*[To the people.]* Patience! patience!

*Dit.* Will they submit?

*Pea.* Never, never!

*Dit.* Arrest or death.

*[Music.—The Peasants and Bavarians fight off, L. S. E.—Elrick seizes Ditfurt's sword, and struggles off with him, L.—the women group, R.—the Drummer attacks Job, and knocks him by Stitchback's door]*

*Enter MAULETTE, R.*

*Mau.* Oh, dear! oh, dear! they're going to kill my little Job—who'll save him?

*Enter STITCHBACK—he knocks the Drummer down with his sleeveboard, takes his drum from him, and burns him with his hot goose—the Drummer jumps up and runs off, L.*

*Sti.* *[Assisting.]* A noble enemy saves a fallen foe; 'tis a moment of generous revenge—record it, guardian saint of tailors, in your pattern-book for Sunday suits—Maulette, 'tis I restores your husband.

*[Puts Job across to Maulette.]*

*Job.* Never shall I overlook that there obligation.

*Mau.* My sensibility can't support it—the generous kreter!—what a jewel has I lost—oh!

*[Faints in Job's arms.]*

*Job.* 'Tis too much for her nerves.

*Sti.* Away with her, her tears again unman me; away, away, lest I become again a tailor.

*[Shout—Job supports Maulette into the Inn—Music.]*



*Enter ELRICK and Tyroleans, L., MARIE and JOSEPHINE from the Inn, R. S. E.*

*Elr.* They have fled, mother—Josephine—Victory!  
Victory! [Shout.]

*Enter HOFER, on the bridge.*

*Hof.* Silence! respect the dead.

*[He comes down and joins Marie.]*

*Re-enter DONAY, followed by Tyroleans—the four Tyroleans bring the dead body over the bridge and place it on the ground, C.—Peasants hang their heads.*

*Mar.* Hofer, speak!

*Hof.* Yes, Tyroleans, 'tis the time to speak, when the blood of our fathers and the tears of our orphans demand, as now, both vengeance and redress. Look on that piteous sight, such as Tyrol hath not for many a year beheld; yet this scene, so bloody, so appalling to your senses, comes but the first of many, still more bloody, if longer we forget that we are men. Are we not husbands? are we not fathers? have we not hearts, and brave ones, as our foes? Let us not be slaves; this country is our mother—a viper stings her bosom, let us seize and strangle it.

*All.* Tyrol shall be free!

*Don.* Name a leader!

*All.* Hofer! Hofer!

*Hof.* No, my good friends! say, rather, the brave Donay. Bold he is, and skilled in war's devices—I know him well, a patriot to the death—I've known him from his boyhood, most courageous: shout with me, Donay!

*All.* No, no! Hofer, Hofer!

*Don.* [Aside.] Why not Donay?

*Hof.* Together firmly will we direct; and only firmly thus, all hearts united, can save Tyrol.

*All.* Liberty! liberty!

*Hof.* Yes, from peak to valley let echo bear the sound; wake the clarion; light the beacon-fires; and see, from hill to hill—[Points off, L.]—the signal of deliverance. [Small lights appear on the summit of the hills.] Freedom is amongst us! like our guardian angel, from height to height she wings her chainless course, and speaks

around in characters of fire. Tyrol, my native clime ! thou shalt be free ! Swear all, swear solemnly ! swear, Tyroleans, here, over the corse of this your earliest martyr, yourselves to fall, all martyrs in that cause which gives to him [*Points to the corse.*] eternity of glory, or win eternal freedom for Tyrol !

[*Music—The Tyroleans raise their hands to heaven, take off their hats, and point to the corse—they then draw their knives and kneel over it with their hands raised.*]

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Hofer's Inn—a low fire and settle by it, R. S. E.—window and door in the flat—a side-door, L. S. E.—Music.*

ELRICK *discovered, cleaning his rifle.*

Elr. When my father gave me this rifle, I had just signalized myself in the chase : boy, exclaimed my father, proudly, such be thine aim one day against the enemies of thy groaning country.

*Enter MARIE, at the door, L. S. E., listening.*

Elr. Yet hath he gone forth, alone, to win him deathless fame, and leaves me here to lead a peasant's life—a mere hound, that sleeps ignobly on the hearth, while his more enterprising, more happy, brave companions pursue the deer and bring the conquest home.

Mar. No, my loved son, no recreant hound art thou, but the true mastiff, whose intrinsic valour protects the home still dearest to his lord. How long is't now since thy father left us ?

Elr. Three weeks, to-morrow

Mar. And in that little space, how much regret, how much anxiety ?

Elr. How much of glory may be purchased, mother !

Mar. Hush thee, my son ; leave thoughts like these to older heads than thine. Oh ! be thy day-dreams, boy, of gayer hours, even for thy mother's sake—even for her sake, Elrick, thy Josephine, who, like a flower unconscious of the winter, seeks in thy love a blue and endless summer ; she is here, Elrick. Away with every thought

but that which hope inspires, and brings us back again the good old gone-by days.

*Enter JOSEPHINE, R.*

*Jos.* Elrick, which of us two looks now the more melancholy? why, you have laughed away the tears from my eyes, and taught my lips how to resume their smiles; yet suddenly you yourself have become more serious than a monk at the confessional—what's the matter, Elrick, have I offended?

*Elr.* You, dear Josephine? oh, no, impossible! I was thinking of my father's absence; but you are here, and I forget everything.

*Jos.* Except how to flatter.

*Mar.* [*Looking through the window, L.*] Hark! sure I heard the trampling of many feet.

*Elr.* [*At the door, C. F.*] Yes, a band of Tyroleans; they support hither a wounded man.

*Mar.* 'Tis Donay!

*Elr.* Yes, you are right, mother, 'tis he.

*Enter Tyroleans, supporting DONAY.*

*Mar.* [*Assisting to place him on the settle.*] Donay! and wounded?

*Don.* Even so; I was on my way to lead a band of newly-assembled patriots towards the Brenner; my horse, on entering your village, stumbled;—I am incapable, for the present, of proceeding; in the meantime, I have despatches which must instantly be forwarded to headquarters, to Hofer—a courier, ere now past Neiderdorf, expects them—where shall I find a messenger by whom to forward them?

*Mar.* I know not.

*Elr.* Here, in the son of Hofer.

*Jos.* Elrick?—No!

*Don.* Heroic boy! worthy of thy father; I expected this of thee.

*Elr.* Give me the packet, I'll at once away.

*Don.* [*Giving it.*] 'Tis here; my steed is at the door, mount and begone.

*Mar.* Stay, stay! the moment is too sudden—is there not danger?

*Don.* None.

*Jos.* Elrick, go not; without thee I fear to tarry.

*Elr.* Heaven and my mother still are with thee. Not



to go, Josephine, were to prove myself unworthy thy esteem, unworthy the name of Hofer : I must go, Josephine ; I could not look thee in the face—I could not, would not live and be deemed a coward—no, no, no ! to horse at once and swift return.

[Exit, D. F.—Marie and Josephine follow.

Don. [Rises and smiles.] 'Tis well contrived—he falls into the snare, and she is now defenceless. [Looking through the window.] He rides away—he goes, but never may return.

Re-enter MARIE, D. F.

Mar. [Advancing down, c.] Pardon me, sir—the hostess in the mother pray excuse : what refreshment shall I bring you ?—are you much hurt ?

Don. No, wonderfully recovered.

Mar. What of my husband ? Speak, is he in health ? will he soon be here ?

Don. A hero cannot well command his time.

Enter JOSEPHINE, hastily, D. F.

Jos. Oh, mother ! mother !

Mar. What alarms thee, child ?

Jos. Armed men surround the inn—they are not Tyroleans.

Mar. Who are those men ?

Don. [Coldly.] Bavarians.

Mar. Our enemies !—A dreadful meaning settles in thy looks.

Don. It means—thou art a prisoner.

Mar. I !—and my son ?

Don. To evade the stormy passions of his youth, forward I sent him on a false commission—ere now, he is, like thee, Bavaria's captive.

Mar. [Crossing to R.] And thou—thou hast betrayed us. Oh, my husband, how often have I warned thee against this vulture that preys upon the too defenceless dove ; I'd call thee eagle, but that savage bird fears not to gaze upon the heavenly sun ; but thou, look thou ever downwards, deep as hell. Vengeance blight thee ! a mother's curse o'ertake thee !

Don. Thou yet mayst add, a mother's malediction.

Mar. Demon !

Don. Retire to your chamber, take all rest ; ere day-break we set forth.

*Mar.* Quit my home?

*Don.* The power I serve insists on such conditions; before the sun is up, we quit the village.

*Mar.* Kill us! Murder us on our native hearth!—that hearth where thou, thou in hospitable hour, hast seen us all so tranquil.

*Don.* Good night, madam! I but do my duty.

*Mar.* [*Retiring up to the settle.*] Duty! monster? Ah! [*Struck by an idea.*] Heaven inspires the thought!—be firm, Josephine—my son! my husband!—Yes, I—Josephine, to our chamber—yes, yes. [*To Donay, bitterly.*] Good night. [*Retiring with Josephine.*] Flame, flame, ye rafters! Softly, softly! yon flickering lamp invites my desperate hand; flame then, ye rafters, till your crackling timbers fall in the ruin of your former peace.

[*Exeunt with Josephine, at the door, L. S. E.*]

*Don.* What avails the fury? Hofer, by mighty France overwhelmed, soon or late must perish; mine, then, be the gains. From our boyhood he was ever paramount; even in these battles he became a conqueror, I a prisoner; freedom, and rank, and gold, my victors proffered; what could I else but sacrifice my friendship? Live, then, Donay—Hofer, thou art lost!—my limbs grow weary, I'll to rest—to rest? yes—why not? have I done more than every day is done? What sordid minister sells not now his friend for how much less than life, or even freedom?

[*Falls to sleep on the settle, R.*]

*Re-enter MARIE and JOSEPHINE, at the door, L. S. E., closing it after them.*

*Mar.* 'Tis accomplished; soon the red fire shall burst above our heads, and the wife of Hofer, with a Phoenix triumph, spring from the ashes of her ancient dwelling—help, help!

[*Music—Red fire is seen in the room, L. S. E.—Marie and Josephine hide behind the settle.*]

*Don.* [*Rising.*] That cry—the chamber of Marie in flames! I must not lose my victim—soldiers, advance, follow!

*Enter Two Soldiers, D. F., and follow Donay into the chamber, L. S. E.—Marie rushes forward, bars the door after them, and hurries Josephine off, D. F.*

SCENE II.—*A Cottage, R. U. E., amongst the Mountains—  
—a Sign in front, on which are the words, “TYROL  
ARMS”—a Hovel, L. U. E., with a chair to the door—a  
table near the shed.*

*Enter, from the Cottage, R. U. E., JOB SPOKEWOPPEN and  
MAULETTE, wrangling.*

*Job. (R.)* Since three weeks we have been man and wife, you've done nothing but grumble.

*Mau.* Well, and what have you done? Nothing but fidget and show off jealous airs—ugh!

*Job.* Jealous! well I may be: there's Stitchback, the tailor, always making my house his head quarters; and now he's a drummer, he's as audacious as you please!—my house is not his house! my wife is not his wife!

*Mau.* Base insinuation!—oh, my nerves! Ha! [*Drum heard, L. S. E.*] That's Stitchback.

*Job.* Ah! no sooner does he brace that infernal drum, than you brace your nerves; that fellow's invulnerable, nobody shoots him, nobody takes him prisoner.

*A Cry without, L. Hofer! Hofer?*

*Mau.* [*Looking off, L. S. E.*] Here comes the general, and if you only looks a cross word, see if I don't let him into a few of your abominable practices—you little fright, you!

*Job. [Aside.]* Here's a precious wife, worse than the one I ran away from five years ago.

*Mau.* It is Stitchback.

*MUSIC.*—*Enter HOFER, HOMAYR, STITCHBACK, with a drum, and Tyroleans, L. S. E.*

*Hof. (L.)* Good morning, friend Job; what's the difference between you and your wife? jangling so soon after marriage—that's not well.

*Job.* Why, you see, general, Maulette is over thoughtless; and, to say the truth on't, I'm a—a—a——

*Hof.* I comprehend; but come, friend Job, give us some of your best wine and make us welcome; we may not soon meet again.

[*Sits himself at the table, L. S. E., and sends out despatches.*]

*Job. (c.)* I hope not, if he is to come with you—the very best in my cellar is—[*To Maulette, who is kissing her hand to Stitchback.*] Go and bring the general some wine, do; there, go along. [*Exit Maulette into the cottage, R. U. E., grumbling.*] Your servant, Mr. Stitchback, your servant.



*Sti.* Ah ! neighbour Job, why you look as blue as indigo, and as stiff as a piece of old buckram ; is this the way to welcome a disinterested acquaintance after he has nearly been sewn up in the mountains, and received as many bullet-holes through his doublet as would take the best tailor in Tyrol to finedraw in a week.

*Re-enter MAULETTE, from the cottage, R. U. E., with wine and horns—she serves Hofer's table.*

*Job.* 'Tis fortunate these bullets passed through your doublet—there's your trophies! [*Holds his doublet up.*]

*Sti.* And not through my body ; I perceive you are delighted.

*Job.* [*Groans.*] Oh, yes !

*Mau.* [*Coming down, c.*] You appear quite faint, Mr. Stitchback.

*Sti.* Ah, Madame Spokewoppen ! you know the worth of an old acquaintance. [*Turning to Job.*] Won't you take a horn also, neighbour ?—come, let's have a couple of horns together.

*Mau.* Yes, do, and I'll supply them.

*Job.* Oh, no doubt ; well, no animosity, Tyrol for ever !

[*A distant shout heard—Job retires into the cottage, R. U. E.*]

*Hom.* [*Looking off, L.*] In the valley I see flashes of fire—a body of the enemy attack a party of Tyrolese.

*Hof.* To arms ! to arms ! Tyroleans, to the heights—caution !

[*Distant shout repeated—Music—exeunt Tyroleans cautiously, L., led by Hofer.*]

*Job.* [*From the cottage, R. U. E.*] Are they all gone, Maulette ?

*Mau.* Yes ; not a soul but ourselves, not even poor Mr. Stitchback—hadn't we better run after them.

*Job.* After them—after him, you mean ; see, some Bavarians are already ascending the hills, led on by Lieutenant Ditsfurt.

*Mau.* Mercy on us, and we the keepers of the Tyrol Arms ! we shall be murdered to a certainty.

*Job.* Never you fear that, I'll do something.

*Mau.* Why, what should a poor little kreter, like you, do ?

*Job.* What ? turn my coat, better than ever that tailor did—see, Maulette.

[*Turns the sign, on the back of which is written " FRENCH ARMS."*]

*Mau.* What a clever idea.

*Job.* Oh ! I'm a deep one, though you don't think so ; now to change my cockade. [*He retires into the cottage.*]

*Mau.* [*Advancing and looking off, R.*] Why, who is this ?

*Enter MARIE and JOSEPHINE, hastily, in cloaks, R.*

*Mar.* We are pursued, save us.

*Mau.* That voice !—the saints defend me !—Madame Hofer !

*Mar.* Yes, Maulette : on my way to join my husband here at this post, an intervening party of the enemy—  
[*A shout heard, L.*] Ah, we are lost !

*Mau.* No, no ! the moment is full of peril—into the house—no—my husband would betray you—ah ! this hovel—quick, quick ! I'll die ere they shall enter here.

[*Axeunt Marie and Josephine into the hovel, L. U. E.*—*Maulette, catching sight of Job, places her back hastily against the door.*]

*Re-enter JOB from the cottage, R. U. E.*

*Job.* [*Suspiciously.*] What are you about there, Maulette ?

*Mau.* Merely shutting the door ; the eggs are in this shed, you wouldn't like to have them broken.

*Job.* Ah ! there's a careful wife. [*A shout heard.*] Here they come—huzza ! France and Bavaria for ever.

*Enter LIEUTENANT DITFURT, and Two Bavarians, L. S. E.*

*Dit.* Still they retreat : this shall become our post for a short time ; fellow, give us the best your inn affords.

*Job.* (R.) In truth, your generalship, it is but little the hungry Tyrolese have left us—the cormorants ! just as you arrived, they were going to hang me and shoot my wife, because I had the temerity to put up the French Arms for my sign. [*Winking at Maulette.*]

*Mau.* (L.) What a thumper ! the little traitorous wretch !

*Dit.* Brave fellow ! the Emperor Napoleon pays well men of your fidelity and courage, there's gold. [*Giving a purse.*] Give us what wine you have.

*Job.* Willingly ; I require no reward, but I'm a poor man, and times are hard. [*Exit into the cottage, R. U. E.*]

*Voices without.* A prisoner !

*Enter ELRICK, hurried in by Two Bavarians, R.—the other two Soldiers cross, R.*

*Elr.* Release me, I am a free man.

*Dit.* What is your name?

*Elr.* That is a secret.

*Dit.* Ah! whence came you?

*Elr.* I am a native of St. Leonard's.

*Dit.* Indeed! what is your errand among these mountains—is that a secret, also?

*Elr.* Yes, one that I will die, ere I disclose.

*Dit.* We shall see—you're a spy, and must instantly be shot—to death with him. [A cry is heard, L.]

*Re-enter MARIE and JOSEPHINE, from the hovel, and rush down, c.*

*Mar.* Elrick! mercy! he is my son.

*Jos.* Elrick!

*Elr.* Mother! Josephine! [They embrace.]

*Mar.* Alas, alas! we have been betrayed.

*Dit.* She calls him son. [To Maulette.] What is her name?

*Mau.* (R.) Her name—her name—I—oh! ay—her name is—oh, dear—yes, that's it.

*Dit.* Woman, beware this equivocation.

*Enter JOB from the cottage, with a jug of wine—he puts it on the table, and comes down, R.*

*Job.* As I live, 'tis Madame Hofer and her son.

*Dit.* Ah, Hofer! this is fortunate; they shall be guarded strictly—but this woman—[Pointing to Maulette.] this woman is in their interest, she also must be secured—you are her husband, I think?

*Job.* I, bless your honour, I know nothing about that person—who are you, young woman? what are you doing here?

*Mau.* Why, you ugly good-for-nothing, I'll tell all about the sign.

*Job.* Oh, dear!—I—

*Dit.* Forward with the prisoners

*Job.* Forward with the prisoners.

[Music—Exeunt Elrick, Marie, Josephine, and Maulette, R., guarded.]

*Job.* I've lost my wife, but I've saved my precious neck.

*A Voice without.* A prisoner!

*Job.* [Looking off, L. S. E.] It's the drummer, I declare.

*Enter Two Bavarian Soldiers, bringing on STITCHBACK, L. S. E.*

*Sti.* Indeed, gentlemen, I'm nothing but a tailor.



*Job.* Indeed, gentlemen, he's the greatest rascal in the district, a notorious spy.

*Dit.* Shoot him!

*Sti.* Shoot me? here's a pretty measure to take—shoot me!—I can't make up my mind to it, I'll be shot if I can—oh!

[*A shout heard without, L.*

*Dit.* Ah! the Tyrolese, directed by Hofer, are on the heights; we are deceived into security; their drum sounded a false retreat. [*To Job.*] That knave be your prisoner till the skirmish is over—arm, arm!

[*The Bavarians put Stichback into the hovel, and follow Lieutenant Ditsfurt off, L. S. E.*

*Job.* Stichback is my prisoner, he shall swing for it to a certainty, ha, ha! [*A shout, L.*] Oh, dear! the Tyrolese gain the day, I must turn my sign.

*Sti.* [*Calling through a small grating in the hovel.*] Will you unsew me? let me out. [*Seeing Job turn his sign to Tyrol Arms.*] Oh, oh! Mr. Job, them's your politics, is they? I'll be a patch upon you, presently.

[*Exit Job into the cottage, R. U. E.*

*A shout—Enter HOMAYR and Tyroleans, L.*

*Hom.* The enemy have fled in all directions; victorious Hofer leads the way to Innsbrook—come on!

*Re-enter JOB, from the cottage, R. U. E.*

*Job.* Before you go, general, pray think of a poor patriotic publican—Tyrol for ever!

*Hom.* Your accommodation shall be paid for, your zeal and patriotism rewarded. [*The Tyroleans force the hovel.*

*Re-enter STICHBACK.*

*Sti.* Patriotism! yes, general, look here; it shall be rewarded with the halter he intended for me—talk of a tailor being a turncoat—look here, general, look here!

[*Turns the sign to French Arms.*

*Job.* [*Falling on his knees, R.*] Oh, mercy! consider the times—greater men than I change their sentiments every day—France for ever!—no, no, I mean Tyrol.

*Hom.* Put a halter about his neck, and drum the scoundrel across the heights.

*Sti.* To the nearest horsepond—I'll do it, your honour—hang a tailor, will he? likely.

[*They put a halter round Job's neck.*

*Hom.* March forward, to Innsbrook.

[*Music—Exeunt R.—Job is drummed out by Stichback.*

SCENE III.—*A Street in Innsbruck.*

Enter MADAME ROUGEGORGE, L., *a havresack, lemonade machine, pistol, &c. in havresack—high French cap and wooden shoes—shouts at the opening of the scene.*

*Mad. R.* Avancey, ah ! de mauvaise canaille—turn yourselves all o'ware again ; 'tis I, Madame Rougegorge, vat follow de grand army all de way from France to protect your ville of Innsbruck ; de great Napoleon send me to fight for you, and now you run away and leave me to lose de bataille, you very much large coward. Courage, courage ! mes enfans, and it is not dis Mounsieur Hofair vat sall conquair ; no, my frient, it is de Bavarian and de French as shall make him look so little as de large mouse ; it is von superbe blow-up I vill give to de grand rue, and senda every vone kicking to le diable, soon as vat I vill see you take yourselves prisonair.

[*Shout—exit, R.*

SCENE IV.—*The Market-Place of Innsbruck.*

HOFER, HOMAYR, CHASTELAR, HASPINGER, *Tyroleans, Austrians, Peasants, male and female, discovered—the banner of Maximilian waves over Hofer's head.*

*Hof.* Brother soldiers, Austrians, Tyroleans, patriots ! behold yourselves the conquerors of Innsbruck. Liberty shakes off her galling chains, and smiles again like a ransomed slave—you are free ! the eagle of the tyrant lies beneath our feet, and o'er our heads waves proudly once again the banner of Maximilian ! Now to offer in the church more serious thanks to him who won alone this glorious day—on, Tyroleans, on !

[*Going,*

*Enter a Tyrolean with a letter, L.*

*Tyr.* A letter.

*Hof.* Not now—an hour hence.

*Tyr.* 'Tis from your wife.

*Hof.* My wife !—alas, that word recalls a thousand thoughts these scenes have rendered silent—pardon, Marie !

*Hom.* Who brought it, soldier ?

*Tyr.* One from the mountains.

*Hof.* [*Who has read the letter.*] Great heaven ! my wife, my son, captured by the retreating enemy ; if I surrender not myself within two hours at the bridge of Isel, my wife and sou to be—massacred ! inhuman !—read, read.

*Has.* Pursue !

*Hom.* Exterminate !

*Hof.* My wife ! my Elrick ! lost !—I—ah, the bridge of Isel—heaven, the thought is thine—yes, on the bridge of Isel, within two hours at farthest, there shall Hofer be, if they will have it so ; yes, there, a prisoner shall Hofer be—fly, begone ! [*Exit Tyrolean, L.*] Tyroleans, husbands, fathers ! this enterprise alone be ours—follow me to the bridge of Isel, to the heights ! My wife, my son ! to shield ye from destruction or to share your grave.  
[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE V.—*A Street, the same as Scene III.*

*Shouts—Enter MADAME ROUGEGORGE, defending STITCH-BACK from two Bavarian Soldiers, R.*

*Mad. R.* Ah ! wretch, cowards, kill von single man, who is only a little drummair boy—it is not de vay of my grand empereur.

*Sti.* The rascals !—oh, dear ! oh, dear ! I'm afraid they have broken——

*Mad. R.* What ?—your tête—eh ?

*Sti.* No, my best drumstick.

*Mad. R.* Never mind, I sall captivate you—I sall make of you my prisonair—ah, ah !

*Sti.* Your prisonèr ! I the prisoner of an old woman ? Well, show me the woman that has not captivated a man before now, or the man that hasn't surrendered at discretion to an interesting female ?

*Mad. R.* Vat dat you say ?—ugh !

*Sti.* I say, marm, you're a perfect gentleman.

*Mad. R.* I save your life, remembair.

*Sti.* I'll mend for all your family for nothing.

*Mad. R.* I tell you how you sew your gratitude.

*Sti.* Sew ! she knows I'm a tailor.

*Mad. R.* I haf come all de vay from France to find von dam scoundrel.

*Sti.* Now, I shouldn't have to go twenty steps from my home to find fifty.

*Mad. R.* You haf no understand ! my dautair, Mam-sell Rougegorgé, vat sell de poison on de bulvar.

*Sti.* Oh, ah ! she keeps a doctor's shop.

*Mad. R.* No, no, not de poison—it is de pois-on, de leetle what you call fish.

*Sti.* Ah, yes, I know.

*Mad. R.* Kill twenty lovair



*Sti.* Kill twenty lovers! what, with the poison?

*Mad. R.* No, vid love, it burn dem all alive; at length von leetle man vin her heart—oh, so tendair—she marry; vell, two leetle gascons come of dat happy marriage, beautiful as deir grandmamma, dat vas me; vel, my dautair von day vas kiss by von handsome grenadier; her ugly husban come home, he peep in at de vindow, he is jealous, enraje—he leave his vife and de two leetle sherrybums; so, like a dere grandmamma—dat vas me, he come into dis country. I sall die to find him; you must helpa me—ah, ah!

*Sti.* Oh, with great pleasure! the villain leave his wife merely because he detects a tall handsome grenadier looking into her bedchamber—the jealous wretch! he deserves to be choked with a bearskin foraging-cap.

*Mad. R.* Ah, mon enfant! you make a me weep, you are so sentiment, I sall hug a you all up—oh, oh, oh!

[Embraces him.]

*Sti.* This is worse than sitting on a ball of wax, and sticking to the shopboard. [A shout heard without.] Aha, aha! the town surrenders, Hofer is victorious, he is about to enter the market-place; come along, mother, you are my prisoner; come, shout, Hofer for ever.

*Mad. R.* Prisonair! oh, mon Dieu! Vive Hofair! vive Hofair!

[Exeunt, L.]

SCENE VI.—*The Bridge of Isel, crossing the water between two heights, and looking towards the Brenner—a large Rock overhanging the bridge, L. U. E.*

MUSIC.—*Enter MARIE, ELRICK, and JOSEPHINE, over the bridge from R. U. E., conducted by LIEUTENANT DITFURT and Soldiers—they descend, and cross to R. corner—the Soldiers remain on the bridge.*

*Dit.* [Coming down, L.] This is the place of execution.

*Mar.* Execution!

*Dit.* Merciful conditions have been tendered to Hofer—if within this half hour he surrenders himself, you are free.

*Mar.* Merciful conditions!—Fiends! you little deem how far less difficult it were for the wife and son of Hofer to perish, than to purchase a miserable existence at the expense of his gallant blood

*Elt.* My noble mother!

*Dit.* Time flies, and Hofer comes not—prisoners, prepare for death.

*Elr.* Death!—must we all suffer? may not my life atone? Mercy for my mother, for—I'll kneel——

*Mar.* How, Elrick! kneel to the destroyer of your country? remember thou art Hofer's son, I am Hofer's wife—I am not afraid to die, but never dare I meet thy father's eye again, if existence be attained by base humiliation to his detested traitorous enemies.

*Elr.* Mother, thou knowest thine Elrick—thy soul and mine alike defy their malice; but, oh! for my poor Josephine, how my heart bleeds already.

*Jos.* Heed not me, Elrick; near thee, I am prepared.

*Dit.* 'Tis past the appointed hour, Hofer is not here: we dare not tarry—men from the bridge, prepare.

*Elr.* Horror! monsters unheard of! such a doom on beings so defenceless—you will not, dare not!

*Dit.* We will! we dare!

*Mar.* Then heaven have mercy on us.

*Elr.* Oh, mother, Josephine! nearer to my heart—nearer—come gently, death—one effort more—Tyrol and liberty!

*[They kneel.]*

*Mar.* Would thy father could hear thee, boy!—to die is nothing—when the brave die nobly, 'tis a triumph—heaven receive us!

*Dit.* Make ready! *[Horn sounds without.]* Ah! that sound! no more delay, present!

*[The Soldiers present from the bridge—HOMAYR rises behind the rock, R. S. E., and presents his rifle at Ditfurt.]*

*Hom.* 'Tis Hofer's signal, strike the blow, Capuchin; in the name of Providence, let all go.

*Dit.* *[Seeing him.]* Ah! what wouldst thou?—a spy!

*Hom.* Assassin, take a patriot's vengeance.

*Homayr shoots Ditfurt—a tremendous crash is heard—the overhanging rock falls and crushes the Soldiers on the bridge, who fall—Haspinger is seen with his axe on the bridge—the Tyroleans descend, rush on with Hofer, and a picture is formed—the act drop falls.*

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Distant View of the Brenner.

MUSIC.—Tyrolean Bivouac—Tyrolese discovered, lying about in groups—STITCHBACK, lying with his head upon the drum.

*Sti.* *[L. c., lifting his head from the drum.]* Oh, glorious

war ! glorious war ! Like the glorious law, I fear thou hast but too much uncertainty about thee. Here are we, valiant Tyroleans, late conquerors of Innspruck; driven by the wolfish enemy, like a flock of sheep, back again into our native mountains. What will become of us ? The French and Bavarians buzz after us with the fury of a swarm of enraged hornets : drumming is getting a bad trade, I'm afraid : if times don't mend, I must sneak home, and take to the tailoring again—I can mend any thing but the times. Oh, dear ! here's the general ; I musn't show the threadbearishness [*Getting up.*] of my valour in his presence.

*Enter HOFER and HOMAYR, R.—Stitchback salutes them, and exeunt, L., with the Tyroleans.*

*Hof.* No more of these base proclamations, with which they threaten us : the Emperor of France and the King of Bavaria would frighten us with big words—we are not children ; they offer us pardon to lay down our arms—we are not traitors !

*Hom.* Traitors, Hofer ! no ! But the position of our affairs is desperate ; every moment our ammunition decreases—our bridges are destroyed—even retreat is difficult : Austria, involved in war, cannot longer aid us—Innspruck, Roverido, Saltzburg, lost ! Our poor Tyrol, that late so smiling looked a garden of one happy cultivation, lies desolate ; her early crops down-trampled by the heavy foot of war ; her cottages, till now contentment's home, in one short space, lie crumbled into ashes—their humble tenants, houseless, butcher'd, dead !

*Hof.* Oh, France ! accursed Bavaria ! what blood can ever wash away these many wrongs ? And you would have me calmly belt the sword, and stifle the remembrance of these injuries ! I cannot do it—our country is our mother—'tis against nature—we should hear her groans, and listen calmly : show me the man could do it. Wretches there are, I know, of bastard birth, like Judas, who could sell maternal blood, home, father, mother—all—for damned lucre ; but I am not one of these—thank heaven, I am not !

[*Crosses to R.*

*Hom.* Nor I, nor I, my friend ; but what more can we do ? On every side we are surrounded. The Chamois on the mountain's topmost pinnacle, hemmed round by hunters, lives more free from peril. See, one comes.

*Hof.* 'Tis Haspinger, the Capuchin.



*Enter HASPINGER, L.*

*Hof.* [Crossing, c.] My friend, thy words—

*Has.* Are but to say farewell, and hasten to my convent-cell again: Tyrol is bought and sold.

*Hof.* Say'st thou?

*Enter CHASTELAR, L.*

*Hof.* Your tidings?

*Cha.* Peace is declared 'twixt Austria and France.

*Hof.* Peace between France and Austria! The wolf become companion of the lamb? Art sure, beyond a doubt?

*Cha.* Yes, beyond all doubt. See here a messenger—list to his proclamation.

*Hof.* I will, if my heart break not i' the hearing.

*Trumpet—Enter Tyroleans, L., and cross to R.—GENERAL BISON, followed by a Drummer, with pen, ink-horn, and long scroll—Soldiers fill up the entrance, L.*

*Gen. (L.)* Tyroleans, peace being concluded 'twixt Austria and France, I come to receive your submissions; and charge ye, in the name of Napoleon, to return quietly to your homes, placing first to these conditions your names and signatures—so shall ye be pardoned and protected; he who refuses, to be considered as a traitor, and doomed accordingly. God save the Emperor!

[*The Drummer puts his drum down, L., and places the scroll on it—Haspinger advances.*]

*Has.* So hopeless, I subscribe.

[*Signs.*]

*Hom.* [*Advancing.*] And I, to stay the tide of innocent blood.

[*Signs.*]

*Cha.* I, for the peace of others; now, Hofer, thou.

*Hof.* [c., as from a torpor.] I—no, no, no!

*Mar. (R.)* Husband, yes.

*Hof.* Sign away my birthright, liberty! Yes—Napoleon's brighter star decrees it so—all must yield to him; fate ordains it—why, then, should I resist? [*Advancing towards the Drummer.*] Give me the pen. [*Starting back.*] No, I'll not do it!

*Elr.* Father, thou canst not save thy country—save thyself.

*Hof.* Begone! I know thee not.

*Mar.* Andreas, I entreat thee, sign.

*Hof.* [*Wildly.*] Who art thou?

*Mar.* Thy faithful wife, Marie.

*Hof.* Thou Marie? thou the wife of Hofer? Leave

me : my Marie had never urged me to a deed like this—she had a voice all silver-toned for honour—sweet as our native strains, which thrill of liberty—she in her heart locked up the pearl of loyalty, and gave the key to heaven. Tempter, no ! thou art no wife of mine—I never saw thee.

*Mar.* Never loved me, rather.

*Hof.* If I had loved thee as the angels love, I love my country better—no woman's voice should ever turn a patriot from his duty. Go, ply thy distaff ! love, and be beloved ; all that is beautiful and fond, I grant ye ; but never meddle with affairs of state—thy hand is all too feeble for the helm : and woe betide that vessel in the storm, whose pilot, though with heart intencioned well, is still but woman.

*Gen.* Thou dost refuse to sign ?

*Hof.* I do.

*Mar.* They will proscribe thee traitor !

*Hof.* I'd sooner bear a traitor's recreant name—such as they call traitor ! I'd sooner hug dishonour in my grave, wrapt in my winding-sheet—such as they call dishonour ! than wear the peace and glory they assign, which heaven shuts its door against.

*Gen.* Come on—he does refuse to sign.

[*Exeunt General Bison, Drummer, and Soldiers, L.*]

*Has.* Farewell, Hofer ! my prayers are all I've left to give my country. I'll to my beads and shrine. Farewell !

*Hof.* [*Abstractedly.*] Farewell !

[*Exeunt Haspinger and two Tyroleans, L.*]

*Cha.* I in Austria seek an exile's solitude—my sword again my sickle. Hofer, heaven be with you.

*Hof.* As with thee, and all this sinful world.

[*Exit Chastelar—more Tyroleans follow, L.*]

*Hom.* Hofer, 'tis Homayr now speaks. Adieu ; the dream is past ; it is glory's winter : let us avoid the storm, my comrade—I—I am gone—

*Hof.* [*Grasping his hand.*] Homayr, let me embrace thee. Thou art not a coward, yet thou leav'st me—thou, by whose side I've fought and bled—would we had fallen together ! would—oh, these dreadful thoughts ! agony of feeling ! Go, Homayr. [*In tears.*]—go—I am a child else—we two will meet again—go, go, go !

[*Homayr presses his hand, and exit, followed by Tyroleans, L.*]

*Mar.* All our friends desert us.

*Elr. (c.)* Our foes are thickening around us.

Mar. (R.) Come, Andreas, let us seek the valley—our green and quiet home.

Hof. (R. c.) Home! Oh, 'tis a sweet, sweet sound—the melody of the heart's summer.

Elr. Come, father, come.

Hof. [*Mediating.*] It might be done—'twere but to climb the heights above them with our troops—

Mar. He heeds us not.

Hof. That way we might surprise them—by the pass—ay, 'twould do!

Elr. Still meditating some attack.

Hof. [*Looking round.*] Where, where are my comrades?

Mar. Gone, all gone.

Elr. Not one remains.

Hof. Which way went they forth?

Mar. [*Pointing, L.*] By that—

Hof. No, not one—not one.

*Enter four Soldiers and DONAY, L.*

Hof. Yes, one: behold, my friend Donay

Don. (L.) Behold him here!

Elr. Whom seek you?

Don. Hofer!

Elr. [*Crossing to c.*] Away, away—ye pass not here!

Hof. Elrick, my son.

Don. We must, in the name of our emperor.

Elr. You pass not here, I say, but through my blood: a son, defending a guiltless father, is fortified by an invisible power. The first that moves one step lies dead beneath my grasp.

Don. Soldiers, do your duty.

[*They advance.*]

Hof. No more, no more, my son. What wants my friend Donay?

Don. You are our prisoner

Hof. Prisoner!

Mar. & Elr. Prisoner?

Hof. I, thy prisoner? the prisoner of Donay! Well, be it so: 'tis true, our friendship is not one day's growth, but that of years—yet that's not much; 'tis true, that we were schooled together, together climbed the mountain's brow, and chased the flexible chamois—yet that's not much; 'tis true, that we did vow each to the other, by every solemn oath, eternal constancy; and it is true, that, like a traitor wretch, thou hast betrayed me—lead on,

Mar. Not without me! no, no!



*Hof.* Courage, Marie, let them not see your terrors—nor thine, my son—be firm, be firm. On, sir—we are prepared to follow. Yet it cannot be my friend Donay?

*Mar.* The viper! heaven's wrath be on him!

*Don.* [*Coldly.*] What saidst thou to me?

*Hof.* [*Going near him.*] I'll tell thee when we meet before our God! March!

[*Music—Hofler draws himself proudly up, puts his left hand on Elrick's shoulder, and his right round Marie's waist, and keeps his eye sternly fixed upon Donay, who partly shrinks from his gaze, and follows, with his head averted.*]

SCENE II.—*Interior of Maulette's Cottage—a door, C. F.*

*Enter MAULETTE, L. U. E., with linen, and MADAME ROUGE-GORGE, with a large washing-tub, which she places, L., throwing the linen into the tub.*

*Mau.* It is a busy day with us—these washings, and these ironings—I don't know who would be a woman.

*Mad. R.* It is von state all defenceless. Ah, me! but for your good disposition, Madame Spoke, vat gif me shelter here in your maison, till dey leave off fire de big cannon, and roll de large stone from de high rock, for breaky de tate—I have die in de rue. Ah, I sall never fin de vicket leetle husban of mine chill, for vich I come into dis country. So I vashey for you, till de peace make himself, and den I run away home again: but I must fill mine large buck, and lave away mine grief—dat is all goot—ah, ah!

[*Exit, R.*]

*Mau.* Poor silly old kreter! to think of her coming all the way from France to look for her daughter's runaway husband—ha, ha! Talking of husbands, I'm satisfied poor little Job has fallen bravely in battle; I'm an unhappy widow; and if Mr. Stitchback, my first love, who is returned, with all his limbs safe and sound, to the village, would but pop in and pop the question, why, things would be as things should be: he did half promise to pay me a visit, so I'll set out a little morsel of supper—men opens their minds when they eats and drinks.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Enter JOB SPOKEWOPPEN, ragged and wretched, peeping in at the door, C. F.*

*Job.* So, this is Maulette's cottage; how delighted she will be to see me! Ah, I'll warrant she's wasted to a skeleton in my absence; I've been finely starved, a prisoner. [*Maulette laughs within.*] Ah, what's that? [*Looks R.*] Maulette laughing to herself, and dishing a turkey?

She's eating, too, and doesn't look so despairing; I'll conceal myself, and observe: my mind misgives me—but where—no closet—ah, an admirable ambush.

*[He creeps into the tub, and covers himself over with the sheeting.]*  
Re-enter MAULETTE, R. U. E., with the supper-table, set out with a turkey, &c.

Mau. *[Placing the table, c.]* There—that's for the man I adores, and he's not far off.

Job. *[Aside.]* Ah! then she knows I'm here—I'll discover myself, and—oh, the devil!

Stitchback. *[Singing without.]* Now the wars are over,  
I'll sweetly live in clover,  
And patch up the doublet of care.

Mau. That's his dulceterous voice. *[Opening the door, c. F.]* Come in, dear Mr. Stitchback—enter boldly, magnanimous hero, and take a drop of something to recruit your inexhaustible spirits, under the weight of all your laurels.

Enter STITCHBACK, C. D. F.

Sti. What beautiful superfine language! Here's to thee, pattern of excellence—shopboard of love, on which he spreads his holiday waistcoats. *[Drinks.]* Oh, that thou wouldst listen to the suit of thy devoted tailor.

Mau. I am a listening, Mr. Stitch.

Sti. What more can I say? Would I could wax thee to my humour like a thread.

Mau. Law! I'm not difficult, and you know I has a heart.

Sti. Yes, and so has I—tender as a pincushion.

Job. *[Aside, in the tub, peeping under the sheeting.]* I should like to stuff it with saw-dust.

Mau. Do me the favour to eat a morsel of cold turkey.  
*[They sit at the table and eat.]*

Sti. *[Aside.]* Turkey—what a delicate compliment—she's thinking of my resigned office and the drum-sticks. *[Talking with his mouth full.]* This is a respectable old gentleman—the father of a numerous family, I dare say; I'm told these birds live to a great age, and now I believe it. Oh, dear! have you got a hatchet in the house? *[Choking.]* Somebody grudges me the morceau.

Mau. Oh, Mr. Stitch *[Giving him a horn of wine.]*, I'm quite ashamed—drink.

Sti. Thankye, Madame Spokewoppen. Ah, when you shall have become Madame Stitchback—heigho!

Man. Heigho! The name of Spokewoppen revives past tenderness for a lost object. *[Affects to weep.]*

Job. *[Aside, from the tub.]* A lost object—that's me.

*Mau.* Poor Job ! I hopes as how he died a comfortable death.

*Sti.* I hopes as how he did.

*Mau.* He wasn't good for not much in this world.

*Sti.* Madame S., may I kiss away that smiling tear

*Mau.* [*Wiping her mouth.*] Mr. S., you may.

*Job.* [*Aside, rising up in the tub.*] I suffocate ! I'll get up and strangle the rascal—I'll murder—I'll—who the devil's that ?

[*Laying down in the tub again.*]

*Enter MADAME ROUGEGERGE, R., with a pail of water.*

*Mad. R.* Ah, you dere, Mons. Stitch ? dat is goot. I sall extinguish my pail of watair, and den embracey you, tout sweet. [*Crosses to L., and dashes the water over Job.*]

*Job.* [*Rising in the tub, enveloped in the sheet.*] Fire ! water ! murder !

*Mad. R.* [*Falling on her knees.*] O, mon Dieu :

*Mau.* A ghost !

*Sti.* The devil !

*Job.* [*Running about in the sheet.*] Vengeance ! I'll murder, burn, destroy——

*Mau.* Pray forgive me—I'm very sorry—I hoped—that is, I thought you were dead.

*Sti.* So did I, I'm sure · I thought you'd been sewn up long ago.

*Job.* [*Throwing off the sheet.*] Wretches ! to your confusion, I'm alive !

*Mad. R.* [*Starting up, collars him, and draws her pistol.*] Alif—he says he's alif !

*Job.* Oh, dear, 'tis the old hag !

*Mad. R.* I haf caught de large big rascaill, come away vid me, you are my dautair's husband.

*Sti.* Husband !

*Mau.* Has he got another wife ?—oh, the little villain !

*Sti.* Another wife ! say that again.

*Mad. R.* Oui, oui, he is de papa of de two little sherrybims vat are so beautiful as dere grandmamma, dat is me—come away vid you.

*Sti.* Oh, give him his supper.

*Mad. R.* [*Presenting her pistol.*] I vil vid dis, vat I carry for him toujours ; I sall take him shameful at vonce to carry up de high chemin—ah, ah !

*Sti.* Poor devil ! she's going to take him up the chimney.

*Mad. R.* Farewell, my frents ! you must do your vash vidout Madame Rougegerge—ha, ha ! I triumph, I am grand conquerair—march !



Job. Oh, dear ! oh !

[*She presents the pistol and faces him off. L.*

Sti. She didn't take him up the chimney, though.

Mau. Poor little Job, how I pitie him. [*Wipes her eyes.*]  
Now, Mr. Stichback, shall we finish the cold turkey,  
or how ?

Sti. How ?—we'll be married to-morrow, if you'll  
consent.

Mau. Why, in these troublesome times, what is a dif-  
fident, sensitive woman, with delicate feelings, to do for  
protection ?—Take my trembling hand—I can't refuse.

Sti. She consents !—Oh, I'm quite fine-drawn ! Hap-  
piest of tailors and of men, already I see my shopboard  
adorned with six little cross-legged tailors, all of a row,  
the very patterns of their of papa—my cut exactly ! The  
dream is too illusive !—oh, Mrs. Stichback !

Mau. Oh, Mr. S., my excruciating commotions is be-  
yond human excription. [*They embrace.*]

DUETT.—MAULETTE and STITCHBACK.

AIR—*Hills of Tyrol.*

Sti. At close of day, when shop is shut,  
And kettle on the fire put,  
What joys our hearts will bless :  
I'll gently blow the fire,  
And do whate'er you desire,  
Oh, charming Madame S. !  
Oe, aw, oe, &c.

Mau. Your house I'll clean, your bed I'll make  
I'll wash, I'll scrub, and brew, and bake ;  
Your dinner nicely dress.  
New joys will crown your life,  
With me your charming wife,  
Oh, handsome Mr. S. !  
Oe, aw, oe, &c.

Sti. Into my cup your fingers neat  
Shall pop large lumps of sugar sweet,  
And happy will we be :  
You, love, shall rule the roast,  
And wash down the butter'd toast,  
With smoking bohea !  
Oe, aw, oe, &c.

Both. New joys our hearts will bless,—  
Rapture and soft excess,  
Oh, handsome { Madame } S.  
                  { Mr. }

SCENE III.—*A Guard-House—a window, R. F.—a dis-  
tant Telegraph seen through it, half black, half white.*

HOFER discovered, asleep on a couch, L., MARIE watching over  
him.

Mar. Betrayed—and by Donay, his early friend—

companion of his youth ! I did suspect him truly. Yet has he paid the forfeit of his base ingratitude ; for, as he gained the Alpine height above my husband's lone retreat, a small projecting rock gave way, and hurl'd the traitor to the depths below.

*Enter GENERAL BISON, L.*

*Gen.* Madam, the hour is come.

*Mar.* So soon ?—Still he sleeps serenely ! Is his fate confirmed ?

*Gen.* Not yet.

*Mar.* Wilt thou tell me when ?

*Gen.* I've scarce the heart to tell it :—there is a telegraph through yonder window ; should it change suddenly to white, thy husband's life is pardoned ; if black—

*Mar.* [*Glancing at Hofer.*] I can be firm : speak on !

*Gen.* If black,—he—he dies ! [*Exit, L.*]

*Mar.* Oh, my husband !—and he calmly sleeps ! A smile, but not an earthly one, is on his lips—he dreams of heaven !

*Hof.* [*Asleep on the couch, L.*] Beautiful visions, fade not so soon away !

*Mar.* Oh, joy of misery, how my heart aches ! That window—dare I—yes—the worst—the worst—'tis best to endure the worst ! [*She anxiously approaches the window.*] Oh, what an anxious moment !—terrible suspense ! how frequently, in living, do we endure a thousand times more agony than to die ? Yet we cling on and on, infatuated still. Why, why is it so ?

*Hof.* [*Asleep.*] Hail, deliverer of Switzerland, glorious William Tell !

*Mar.* He dreams of liberty ! He must yet awake, and, perhaps—[*She turns towards the window—the telegraph changes to black.—Chord.*] Black ! black as despair can render it ! Death ! death !—But I must struggle—my duty still is firmness. Yet my trembling limbs—strengthless—

[*Rests against the wall.*]

*Enter ELRICK, cautiously, R.*

*Elr.* Mother !

*Mar.* I know too well the horrible decision—speak it not again !

*Elr.* Thou know'st—

*Mar.* Yes ; yon telegraph—I—hush, he awakes !

*Hof.* [*Rising.*] Marie ! Elrick !

Mar. Andreas !

Elr. [*Crossing behind, to L.*] Father !

Hof. Sleep has refreshed me. I dreamed a pleasant dream.

Mar. [*Shudders and weeps.*] A pleasant one ?

Hof. Weep not, dear Marie. Why look'st thou thus so pale and so despairing ?—We shall meet again, where the guilty cease their torments, where sorrow is at rest.

Mar. But, my Andreas, to part thus—and thou—to—die ! [*Kisses her.*]

Hof. 'Tis but to go a few years ere my time—  
To 'scape the after-reckoning of old age. [*Firmly.*]

Marie, I would have thee, when I am gone,  
Wring not thy hands, and sit thee down and weep,  
That common minds admire thy common sorrow.  
Remember thou art Hofer's widow—a Tyrolean born.

Mar. I shall, my Andreas ! Thou knows't me,—  
My grief is not woe's cup, flowing o'er with tears,  
But quiet, yet certain as the sand of the hour-glass,  
Waning, grain by grain.

If 'tis permitted, watch over me, invisible :  
I'll do thy bidding, nobly, firmly, proudly.

Hof. [*Embracing her.*] I know thou wilt.

*Enter GENERAL BISON, L.*

Hof. I know thine errand : I come.

Gen. [*Giving a letter.*] Let this console thee.

Hof. [*L.—Reads.*] 'Tis from the emperor, Marie—ah !  
is it possible ? Listen, Elrick ! listen, Marie ! he offers  
ye a pension—to the widow and orphan son of Hofer, on  
condition that ye quit Tyrol and abide in France—what  
is your reply ?

Mar. (c.) Tyrol, my native land ! my birth ! my grave !

Elr. (r.) And mine !

Hof. [*Giving back letter.*] You're answered, sir ; fare-  
well ! I go to enjoy a triumph : short is the way, and  
strewn with thornless roses. You to Tyrol, I'll be with  
you there ; yea, many a night, in the old settle, by the  
cheerful hearth—rejoicing, think of me, but not in an-  
guish ; think of me, with affection's exultation—as Hofer  
by Hofer's kin would be remembered.

Elr. But, father—

Hof. (c.) Boy, there your duty lies, sustain your mo-  
ther. [*A drum heard without—he is going, L., and is about to*



*return to Marie, when the drum beats again.] Bless ye! God bless ye! [Exit, L.—the drum rolls—Elrick crosses to L. and looks after Hofer.*

*Mar. [After a pause.] These are not tears!—He is gone! he is gone! [Weeps.] No, no! I said I would be firm, I promised—I require no support, no—I—brain!—how lonely is my heart—a widow!—he, too, too much—Elrick, we have lost—oh!*

*[She falls in Elrick's arms—he supports her off, R.]*

#### SCENE IV.—*Mountainous View and Cataract.*

**DEAD MARCH.**—*Enter Three Soldiers, with muskets reversed, GENERAL BISON, HOFER, and Three Soldiers, who cross to L. and join the others.*

*Gen. (L.) Behold the place of——*

*Hof. (C.) Of execution! speak it boldly, General Bison; fear not for me, I am prepared.*

*Gen. I am glad of it, mine is a painful duty; is there aught by which I can atone for a deed imperatively imposed.*

*Hof. Think of me as a soldier—as one who, if he erred, did so from noble motives; my peace is made, here and hereafter; I have no apprehension, but for my country—for myself, no thought but heaven.*

*Gen. Brave, brave man! can I—dare I give the signal of thy doom?*

*Hof. Thou shalt not; Hofer shall prove that he can die as he hath lived—my own voice must pronounce the fatal edict—there I'll take my stand. [Pointing to R. U. E.] And when I bid ye fire, do it unshrinkingly, like men; remember there's mercy in the blow which kills at once.*

*[The General goes off, L., and the Soldiers follow.]*

*Hof. [Kneeling and raising his hands to heaven.] Make ready—present—fire!*

*[The Soldiers fire and Hofer drops—the Tyroleans immediately rush on—the Soldiers just appear, L., lay down their arms and kneel, and the Curtain slowly falls.]*

#### DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

*Tyroleans. Tyroleans. Six Soldiers kneeling.*  
**THE BODY OF HOFER.**

*R.]*

*L.]*

THE END.

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